

FAT CITY GAZETTE

MCA COMMUNITY NEWSPAPER



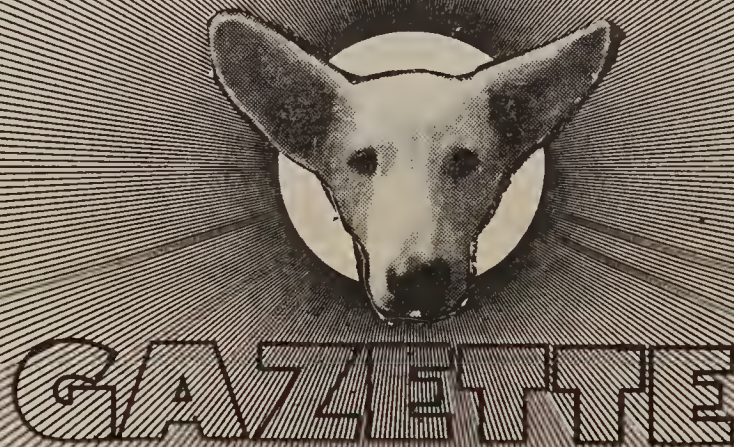
inside •

JOE COCKER! BEAUTY in the BEAST

KAFETERIA BLUES

FAT CITY CONTEST win \$\$

ELECTION RESULTS

GAZZETTE

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XUBSUG

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...a perusing of the national media will uncover an ingratiating ballyhoo about the sudden death of student activism in American colleges, ingratiating perhaps, because it seems to be true. The tumultuous days of the sixties are gone, long gone. Kent State, Nixon, Agnew, Krause are all buried. Stone cold now. No more uproars over the dismissal of popular faculty members, not even a peep or hint of dissatisfaction from any campus over Nixons pardon, one of the most humiliating and saddest days in the life of any American, who complies with the standards of equal justice all Americans have been taught to practice,

In academic year 73-74 at MCA, the three students

rapid sucession. Whether this is part of a national trend on campus is hard to say. The corpses of all three vital school functions have begun to stir, but need your help in their survival.

While the new building is a stunning example of what the efforts of our administration and state government can provide for us-the building remains one of the most vulnerable in the area for attacks by thieves and rapists, the food in the cafeteria remains not fit for human or animal consumption-just two examples of the type of problems confronting MCA right now and something we must explore as a group....right now.

A school newspaper is the only means we have in creating a bond with the diversity of culture here at MCA. This paper is an attempt

paper is only as good as the material given to us- so it is only as good as you are. Next deadline for material is two weeks away- so we hope you get it together, and contribute- and in doing so make this a true community newspaper for MCA..... Happy Trails.....



Fat City will attempt to publish all letters we receive and all articles which fit the spirit of the paper. You must include your name and address.

DEATH TO THE MACHINES? ...OR THE CAFÉ?

If you've ever driven south of the Mason-Dixon line, and had to stop for gas, you may have noticed a strange difference in the stations from our northern variety. They are lined with vending machines selling everything except firecrackers (their in the display shelf with the STP and Wynn's Friction Proofing). Now I stand in the Mass. Art cafeteria (here in ghe Mass. Art Automat) and I wonder when we will see prophylactic machines in the men's rooms and lottery tickets in Longwood Gallery. The present sculpture which resides next to the potato chip machine should be replaced with a Segal-esque white manniken in the act of kicking the machine for a refund as the drink machine fills phantom cups with coke (press for "no ice"). Granted the food last year was pretty bad, but bus station fare is worse still. Besides the overwhelming starch content of the food we can find our old friends sodium phosphate, ascorbate, nitrate, caramel color, and most likely, though not on the labels, MSG lacing the ingredients.

Unfortunately, these machines are the only alternative to last years set-up as there is a need for a standardized food service that is always available and reasonably priced (no complaint on prices from anyone). But this is only a partial solution to the problem as we still need a supplementary lunch set-up to fill the gaps left by the machines. The administration has not ruled this out, but at present has no definite plans for the kitchen facilities, which are

comparable to a medium-sized restaurant. It is definately open to student use, however, for functions, gallery openings or if someone wished, and extra curricular cooking class run by students. As to daily use, no one knows yet, but I believe the cost factors involved in a limited menu lunchroom would be significantly reduced over last years. By limited menu, I mean: soup, yogurt, salads, french fries etc., minus all the sundries that can be purchased in the machines. This would reduce bookkeeping and labor considerably, and add a human element that is sadly missing. Despite his obvious drawbacks, Al Levine was at least a friendly face and many miss his homemade specials (and I don't mean his sandwiches) such as soup, spagetti, and everybodies favorite; the french fries.

The machines are on a one semester trial basis and we're the jury. The resurrected SGA will probably be a good sounding board for alternative ideas on food service. Suggested by one candidate was a non-profit student-run cafeteria with a full time manager. No matter how you look at it, this is a complicated matter, but good things are happening in the meantime. STUFF, an amalgam of several technicians and students is sponsering a bi-weekly food bash: to date a bagel day, a crepes day and more to come. If you have a special dish that can be made for a quantity of people and would like to turn the student body on to it, contact either myself or Richard Collier (technician for S.I.M.) and it'll be home on the range.

So folks, as we all have to live here, let's get some feedback from people in form of constructive thinking rather than idle death threats to the defenseless machines. The signs that pop up daily on the machines are funny but haven't accomplished anything other than getting out personal frustrations. If you have any ideas or would wish to utilize the kitchen facilities, contact the Fat City Gazette, and we can bring you and your ideas to people who are interested or can help secure the kitchen for your function, gallery opening or what have you. So tell us what you think, by card or in person, the more people who respond, the better chances are of making our feelings known. Bon Appetit!

If anyone is ripped off by the machines, please see either the business office or Darryl, the representative from Canteen for a refund. Do not vandalize the machines, as it goes hard on Darryl, who must fix them. He's a good person, and making it hard on him only makes the student body appear immature, and that does us no good at all. If we want anything to happen, we've got to whow a sense of responsibility so the administration can take us seriously.



The Great Kasby

(Editor's note:

The master of the hyperbole Marc Kasianowicz has agreed to write a column on the adventures of his alter-ego THE GREAT KASBY... This time the great one visits bars in the area. Bottoms up.....)

HEY... Closest and dearest to the hearts of many of MCA's finest, we visited the Winsor, down the street from us, on Brookline Ave. Though it's wood paneling will bring to mind the Golden Palaces of truck driving fame, some what Polish modern, hey, the drinks are good, cheap, and the service at the bar is excellent. The food is good-hey, you could do a lot worse. The fare ranges from cheese-burgers to clubs to hot sandwiches, but it is only served until six. The only thing that bothers me is somewhat sluggish service on the lounge side. The

Great One has had to wait 30 to 40 minutes for a refull. Amigos, give it a 3.5 on the Great-Kasby No-Jive scale of one to five.

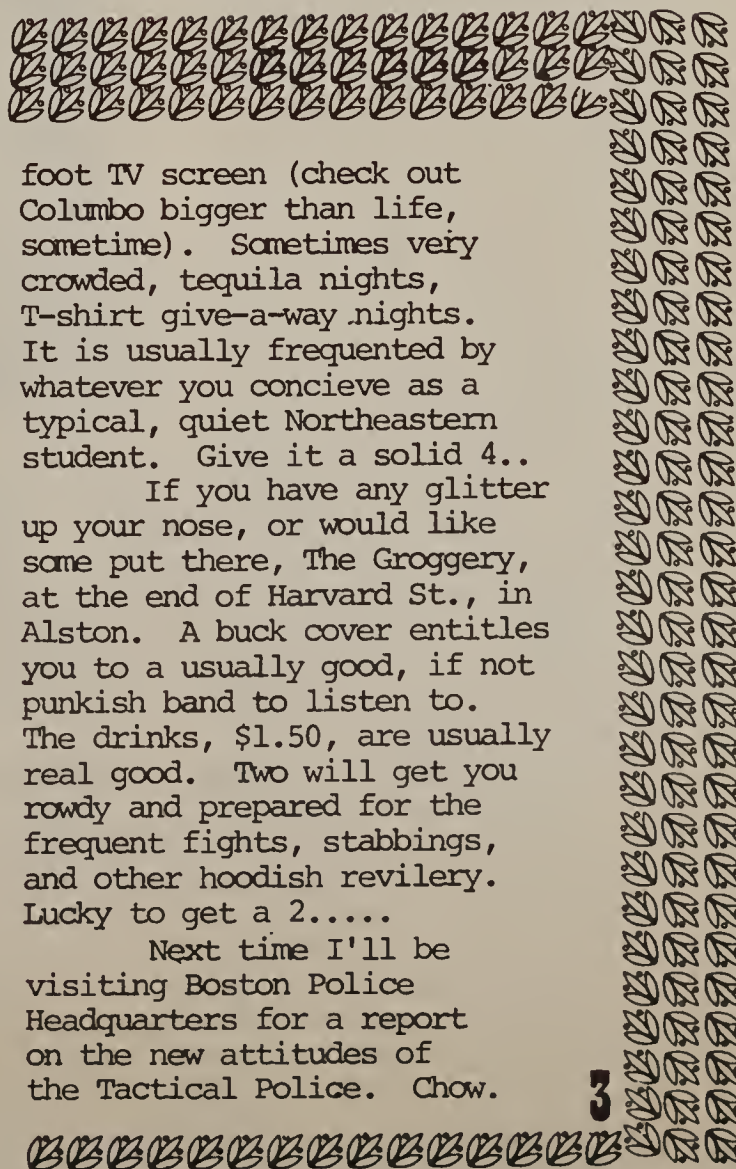
Next, the Down Under, a somewhat literal description as it is located under Copperfield's, almost across the street from the annex. A good \$1.25 drink, a pleasant atmosphere, even though there is more wood paneling, folks. Try to recognize the bartenders who have been there the longest, as they pour the best drinks. There is sometimes a wait on weekends, but hey, the broads aren't bad. Give it a solid 3.....

Cask and Flagon... Huntingron Ave., across from Northeastern U, Good sandwich, chips and a Tuborg draft for about a \$1.50 - hey, you can't beat that, or their new 4 by 6

foot TV screen (check out Columbo bigger than life, sometime). Sometimes very crowded, tequila nights, T-shirt give-a-way nights. It is usually frequented by whatever you concieve as a typical, quiet Northeastern student. Give it a solid 4..

If you have any glitter up your nose, or would like some put there, The Groggery, at the end of Harvard St., in Alston. A buck cover entitles you to a usually good, if not punkish band to listen to. The drinks, \$1.50, are usually real good. Two will get you rowdy and prepared for the frequent fights, stabbings, and other hoodish revilery. Lucky to get a 2.....

Next time I'll be visiting Boston Police Headquarters for a report on the new attitudes of the Tactical Police. Chow.



JCP



COCKER ! beauty in the beast by jim tuttle

"like a bird on a wire
like a drunk in a midnight
choir...
I have tried, in my way,
to be free..."

indeed, he most certainly has. His songs have been chosen with the intent of relating the horror of one man's perilous existence, and because nobody seems to grasp that, or cares enough, it pushes him closer to the brink of the inner demons he is trying to tell us about. Judging from his recent performance at the Orpheum, Cocker is pushing himself to the brink of losing what's left of his audience, and, quite possibly, his life. Rock and roll heaven.

the cash register of rock and roll opens and closes...ob-la-di, ob-la-da...lalalala life goes on. We see musicians molded into commodities...their stock market is the "Hot Hundred LPs" The Beatles sold a million copies of "Can't Buy Me Love" just by announcing the title. Short term investment. Elton's recent 8 million dollar deal certainly represents long term album, as he is guaranteed

that money for his next five LPs. I doubt that it is a bad one, barring Elton's slipping on the way to the piano, and paralyzing himself from the waist down...

Somewhere along the yellow brick road, Cocker slammed the cash register drawer on his own hand—deliberately. He came to America a true crazy, a breath of mania in an otherwise placid summer of 1969—the summer of Crosby, Stills and Woodstock.

His first album had a rough, uneven quality, more a collection of singles than an LP. Recording Beatle songs is no easy job for any performer, as the mop-tops always managed to render their songs with such imagination, cover versions seemed pointless. The first important version of a Lennon-McCartune tune was Joe's "With a Little Help From My Friends"

A sparse, arid arrangement of what was essentially a children's song along the lines of "Yellow Submarine" took the song to hell and back. Augmented by Jimmy Page and Stevie Winwood and a black female chorus (a stylistic advancement for white pop, then) Cocker busted a ball as he lurched and gyrated through an American tour, culminating in a frantic three hour set at Woodstock, a festival favorite.

A second album followed that fall with another US tour. His voice was still in the peak of condition. The album was bolstered, but not overpowered by Leon Russell. It is a gem of style and production, and is still a heavy in the heart of Tuttle. George Harrison wrote "Something" specifically for Joe, but liked that version so much, he recorded it for himself. The album contains Leons "Delta Lady", a clever Cocker tune called "That's Your Business" and a dizzying version of sweet Paul McCs "She Came in The Bathroom Window" that has more relationship to the shower scene in Psycho than it does to Abbey Road.

The spring of 70 found the wild man in the US, contracted for a tour but without a band. The story goes that Joe made a call to Leon which led to a formation of one of the great rock and roll bands of all time Mad Dogs and Englishmen. If nothing else, the first great Leon-ego band.

The band had 20 musicians and about 30 hangers on (dogs, kids, wives, and even Mickey Dolenz of the monkeys on tamborine, a splendid concert, and something J.W. Tuttle will never forget.

Even though Leon, resplendent in pink pants and top hat, sought to outshine the wildman, Joe's exuberant performance and obvious joy with what he could do, overwhelmed everybody as he mad-dogged it through "gimmie a ticket for an aeroplane" and turned an old Box-Tops tune into a waltz. Rock and Roll life goes on. See Joe twist and oh my god is he epileptic was a phrase on everybody's lips.

Tour over, record out, movie out, even a book out and it was crying time for Joe as he suffered from nervous fatigue, quit the business, and retired to his parents home to rest his ravaged vocal cords. In 1972 he was back with a smaller band an album and a tour which is best forgotten.

Back in England, rumors spread Joe was confined to a mental hospital, but you never know the lengths to which a manager will go to cultivate a myth. Lately this is referred to as "the old phlebitis trick." He did keep out of sight for almost two years to resurface again this summer.

After his hiatus, he was dried out and returned C.O.D. to the studios in L.A. This time he placed himself in the hands of Jim Price, who you may remember as the trumpet player on the Mad Dogs tour. An album

spewed forth, entitled "I Can Stand a Little Rain" and of course, a tour, whose opening in LA found Joe so drunk, he was unable to do much but drool in his shoe. Price's backup band left the stage in disgust, leaving Joe swatting at his usual collection of imaginary flies.

The new album can best be described as "slick," a word that Joe used to describe it. The songs range in quality from good solid Cocker powered pile-drivers to some so markish that it is advisable to clean the saccharin deposits from your needle after you get through with the record. In all fairness to him though, the entire album sounds better with repeated listenings. The first cut, "Put Out the Light" is a testicle tickler in the Cocker tradition. Hot Cocker, on a hot buttered cut that burns, churns and will make you understand what smokin' jim means when he says that smokin' joe has never left.

That cut is certainly a gem in an otherwise dull collection of some vaguely popular composers: Jim Webb, Billy Preston and Price, whose tune "I Can Stand a Little Rain" is silly; starting out as a dirge with Cocker moaning about how he can take standing out in the rain. Tough guy, huh? Out of the moaning about the rain the record picks up tempo, and makes Joe sound like he's part of a marionette parade. Perhaps the worst thing that he's ever done.

The last cut on the album is easily worth the price of admission. "Guilty," a Randy Newman tune more than makes up for the excesses of the rest of the album.

The song is a throbbing confessional suite immediately recognizable as a Newman song because of the descending piano chords he usually employs, but the voice yanks such a sense of pathos from the listener, it could only be somebody we know is guilty of the excesses of a little too much cocaine, a little too much whiskey, and is bleating on his girlfriend's doorstep.... "I know I shouldn't be here, but I had nowhere to go..." There is probably no one in rock alive today who has better qualifications to play the role of this sadsack besides the man who once spoke of pouring blood on somebody's face. Cocker. Superb.

The recent Orpheum theatre concert proved Joe guilty on several counts. An excellent back-up band saved him from more embarrassing moments than I can ever recall seeing in a concert. Cocker lurched out, beer bottle busy, pouring brew down his throat. It seemed as if someone had pushed him out on stage and it took him awhile to figure out not only where he was, but also who he was, and after having ascertained that, it seemed not to concern him in the least. After "Pardon Me Sir" and "Put Out the Light" which found him



trying to stretch the guttural
moans of a drunk into words, he
attempted to sing one of his
lushabye tunes from the new LP.

The concert improved a little after that, Cocker drifting in and out of most of his new album, and much to the disappointment of everyone there only played two of his old songs-probably the only way he could have saved face in the eyes of his most tolerant fans. After about 45 minutes of this bizzare travesty, he exited as gracelessly as he arrived, leaving behind a half dozen empty beerbot+les, and amultitude of fans going through the obligatory applause, but what they got was a more spirited response from the wildman than they had recieved all evening. As soon as the organ began those swirling chords and the band and Joe dove into "With a Little Help from My Friends" it was impossible not to forgive the little fellow. Every thing good about him came swirling back everything you have read about in this column.

The only question that remains is whether we will ever hear from him again, for from the macabre gleam in his eye at times, he knows it is killing him, but he knows-it is the only way to go.....

Thou be it what it may
the profound delight
of sculptural plight

and in our garret of
aluminum splendor
we seek thee to burn
thy finger
Oh, tis the notion of
the black backed
workers,
Who seep their souls
in conceptual thought
Ah tis not metal that is
so very sacred
But paper and rain
snow and thunder
And remember, George,
those who sow
in darkness
light but one flame.

Anon. 1974

SCULPTURE DEPT.



This column is a means of communicating to the students of MCA from the Freshman Board or Representatives.

THE WHAT,,,,,,,,,,,,,

If you were at the Prof. Seminar on October 10th, you would know that five freshman representatives were chosen to be the spokespeople for the class. Our names are Marianne Wisiewski (chairperson) Polly Rose, Ellen Solari, Cheryl Hardy, and Paul Gruen.

Our job is to represent you, your ideas, complaints and suggestions to the Administration and faculty, but most important, our job is to get things done.

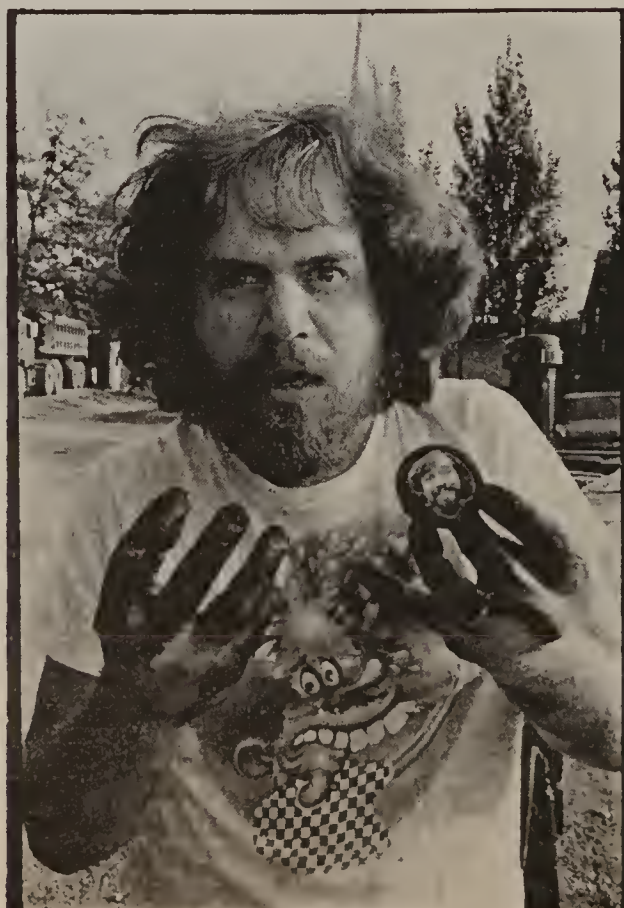
After the seminar we met in the gallery and introduced ourselves, and took down names and phone numbers.

Then we got to business. We have listed some of the problems we feel plague our college.....

- 1) Food machines MONEY goes in-nothing comes out
- 2) Freshman kits (to buy or not to buy)
- 3) MBTA (how about student rates)
- 4) The lavs (no paper towels, etc....)
- 5) Teachers (late to class, not at class...)
- 6) Athletics (we dont have any.....)
- 7) Courses (didnt get what you wanted....)
- 8) Suggestion boxes.. (now thats a good suggestion)

Thats it for this time folks. Please write your comments to us through our mailboxes or through the Fat City mailboxes.

Remember, we are here
to serve you.



FRESHMAN COMPLAINT: NO PAPER TOWELS IN LAVS

PHOTO & ILLUS. CREDITS

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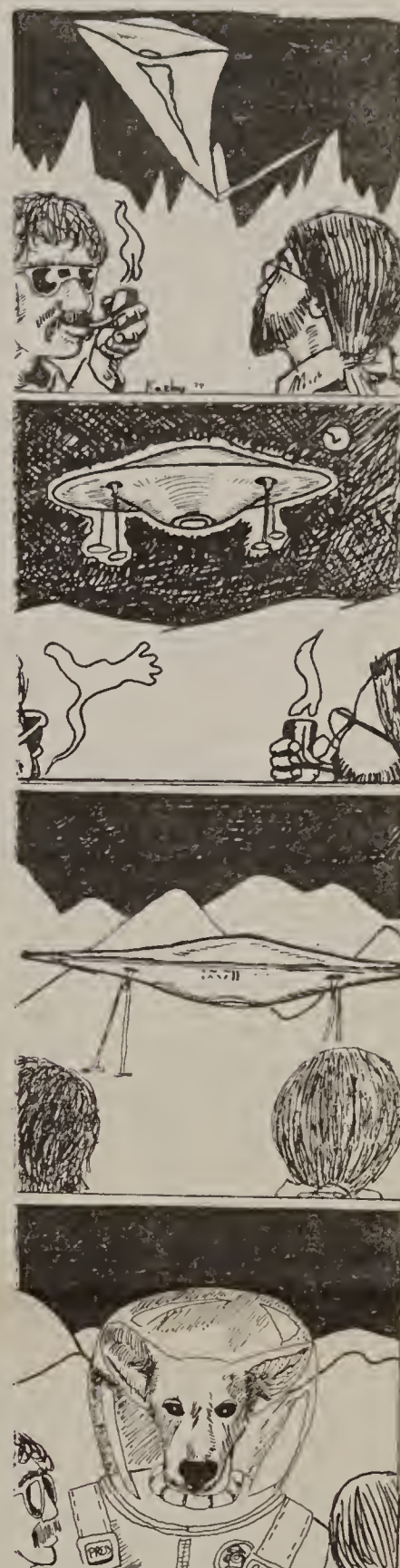
1. bill chapman
2. j chip plank
4. bc
5. bc
6. john blumb
7. matt bucknam
The Kaz

 **Shoot
The 
Piano Player**
Tues. Nov. 5, 8:00 PM

★ ★ The Ancients called it ★
★ COSMIC CONSCIOUSNESS ★

HE HAS INNER VISION

CARTOON CORNER *



FATNOTES

This issue is dedicated to Gostick aka (Radar Dog), who inhabited the backyard of MCA from last spring to the beginning of this October.

Introducing our new Building and Grounds Superintendant, Al Bacote. Welcome to Mass. Art, Al!

Hats off to Carol Hearty, winner of 3rd place in the Sarah Coventry Jewelry Design Contest.

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Dover is again a possibility/reality.



Special thanks to the N.E. Chapter of Exhibit Designers and Producers Association without whom, the Fullerton Building dedication party could not have happened.

10% off !!

ON all merchandise during October and November. Just show Your Student I.D.

WE HAVE NEW and OLD TREASURES!

Clothing, furniture, frames, appliances, antiques, housewares.

ESSAY CONTEST

two \$5 prizes !!!!

1. WHAT WERE YOU DOING THE NIGHT THEY LANDED ON THE MOON ??

2. WHAT WERE YOU DOING THE NIGHT THEY LANDED ON THE MOON ??



FAT CITY ELECTION WRAP-UP

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HERE'S THE SGA ELECTION BREAKDOWN		
Exactly 30.1% of the student body voted.		
	percent	number of votes
PRESIDENT		
Claudia Sanford	68%	219
Carl Garufo	32%	104
Vice President		
Aleta Bass	60%	192
Bob Schmidt	40%	128
Treasurer		
Alison Healy	70%	225
Nancy Kelly	30%	90
Steve Robinson	64%	205
Ann Conlon	36%	113
COLLEGE COUNCIL		
		number of votes
Laplante		150
Levine		145
Brosky		128
Catania		125

CONGRATULATIONS !